The Orangeburg Democrat.

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Love and Madness.

READING, PA., October 13.—The Rev. James F. Schultz was this morning taken to the insane assylum in Norristown. Since the first report of his insanity it has been ascertained that the death of Miss Lienback, a lady acquaintance of the clergyman's, had much more to do with his loss of reason than was at first supposed. Prior to the interment of the young lady the Rev. Mr. Schltz entered the chamber in which she was laid out, and, grasping her hand, raised it to his lips and fervently kissed it.

"She is not dead," said the maniac minister; "see! she is not dead; she has ressurrected," he exclaimed, at the same time again kissing her bloodless hands and caressing her head by gently stroking back her wavy hair.

The friends of the young lady took him away with considerable difficulty, and he was urged to go to his boarding house and try to reconcile himself to the death of his friend. Instead of that he went in a carriage to the residence of another young lady friend and vehemently urged all the inmates of the house to prepare themselves immediately, as the day of ressurrection had come, and his dead friend, Miss Lienback, had been resurrected. He then went to his boarding house and turned on the gas at every burner. When remonstrated with he became very angry. One after another of the articles of furniture in the parlor he demolished. Oil paintings were torn into shreds, two mirrors were smashed, and the house turned topsy-turvey. Then he ran into the street and knocked down and injured five persons. The sixth person he attacked knocked him into the gutter. He was very badly injured, and remained unconscious until early Sunday morning.

At brief intervals of apparent sanity during the day he summoned the inmates of the house, with a number of visiting ministers, to stand around his bed, and told them that the day of his resurrection had come, because the lady he so much admired had been resurrected. He did not refer to the resurrection of Miss Leinback when he preached her funeral sermon on Friday last. Mr. Schultz in the discourse spoke of the pleasure of carriage driving with ladies, and their company, of love stories and other matters foreign to funeral discourses. He was not interrupted until many of the mourners had become alarmed at his nonsensical remarks. Yesterday all the Reformed clergymen in the city assembled in his rooms, and it was decided to have him sent to an asylum for treatment.

The Rev. Mr. Schultz is 42 years old, and unmarried. He has had a weak mind for several years, but it was believed that he had been permanently restored, and he was allowed to preach as usual. He mingled in the best society, and it is generally admitted that the death of the young lady had much to do with again unseating his reason, Miss Leinbach was much attached to him, and it is known that he entertained feelings of the highest respect for her. At the first news of her death, and when her last dying request was made known to him, he wrote a letter to her parents, saying that under the circumstances he in all probability might decide that he would not officiate—that he could not. It was surmised that he could not preach on account of his feelings, and he was not questioned on what was considered a matter too delicate to talk about.

Other arrangements were being made, when the family was greatly surprised on receiving another letter from Mr. Schultz, saying that he would preach the funeral sermon, as the dying girl had requested. On the night before the funeral Mr. Schultz was the guest of the Rev. Dr. Bausman, of this city, and it is said that he remarked to Dr. Bausman that if anything happened to him they should not take him to the asylum at Harrisburg. He was assured that nothing was wrong, and Mr. Schultz retired. Last evening he mentioned the name of Miss Leinback, and asked where she was. He wished to know why she had not called upon him.

"Oh, but they used me badly!" he exclaimed. "Why did they knock me down and fill my head with holes? But it's all right. God and our side will win!" He tore off the bandages from his wounds, and insisted that they should be placed in another way. "Why does she not come to me?" he asked in piteous tones. See my poor head all covered with wounds."

This was a fact, because yesterday it was learned that of the men he had assaulted on Saturday night one had knocked him down with a handsaw, lascerating his head frightfully manner. The man who did this claimed that he did it in self-defence, as Mr. Schultz had come after him with a brass stair-rod, and was about striking him down with it, as he had struck down a number of others. Mr. Schultz's friends, who are quite well off, decided to have him placed in the State Insane Asylum, and he was taken there by the first train to-day.

The Village Fire Engine.

A second-hand engine is bought at a low price from some city which is discared the old style and introducing the steamer system. A pleasant theory supposes this machine to be as good as new, with the exception of the somewhat worn paint and varnish and the battered brass works of the ornamental parts. When such an engine is bought it is received with a fair degree of enthusiasm and wheeled in triumph to a safe place in the town barn or shed. There it is locked in, and the key is so safely put away that nobody can find it. The presence of this engine in town is something like that of a fetich among a pagan tribe. The villagers do not fall down and worship their new purchase, but they retire to their beds at night with a sense of security, because they have a fire department.

The engine rests and rusts. Hens roost upon it. Its cylinders become encrusted with oxide. Its joints grow more still than those of the most rheumatic patriarch in town. Its wheels cleave to the axles and rigidly refuse to revolve. The hose is like a sieve, and will not carry water. No fire breaks out for five years. Then one is suddenly discovered, and the fire department is called. The man who has the key is away from home. The barn door is pried from its hinges and the old engine is trundled out. Men and boys man the rope and drag the thing to the scene of conflagration yelling like untamed and untaxed Indians as they move along. On endeavoring to put the fire department into service, its weak points become painfully apparent. The flames have their own way, and there is much unnecessary destruction.

Bellknap and Mrs. Greene eloped together, at Melrose, Wis. They drove a good horse rapidly, but had not got more than ten miles before they heard a clatter of hoofs behind. Greene had hastily mounted and started in pursuit. The race was long and exciting, but the husband at length rode alongside the pair, cocked a pistol, and commanded a halt. Bellknap was abject with terror. "You may have your wife," Mr. Greene," he said. "I don't want her. You don't think I have chased you like mad to get her back! Oh! no. But I'll take my dollar and a half that she's got in her pocket." The money was given up, and the elopement proceeded quietly.

Boston morality has had another shock. John A. Woodward, chief clerk in the city Treasurer's office, and one of the persons of consequence in society has decamped leaving a deficit of $80,000 in the public fund.

IF you hope for what is reasonable and then work, you will probably get it. But if you expect the impossible, like the man who wanted to buy a pair of spectacles with which to get a bird's-eye view of the city, you are bound to be disappointed.

Parson Bledso's Revival.

For more than a week past the Rev. Aminidab Bledso has been very much troubled in his mind. A rival Galveston pastor in his immediate neighborhood has been carrying on such a successful revival that nobody in the neighborhood has slept for more than three hours just before day during the past week. A number of tenants in the neighborhood refuse to pay rent, and some have actually moved away. All this time not the slightest religious interest has been manifested among Rev. Mr. Bledso's congregation. On the contrary, quite a number of them have strayed off to Parson Johnsing's revival. Something had to be done, or Othello's occupation would be gone up the spout. In vain did Parson Bledso warn his flock of the wrath to come if they strayed into Johnsing's sheep fold, but all efforts to bring them to a sense of their duty failed. He had quite a serious notion of resorting to the Arkansas plan of salvation, which is to take a club and lay on to the sinners until they crawled up to the mourners' bench with some of their ribs caved in, but as some of the members of the congregation who handle cotton were liable to lay him out on the mourners' bench, he hesitated about resorting to extreme measures. Last Sunday night there was quite a large congregation at Parson Bledso's chapel in consequence of Parson Johnsing's being laid up with a sore throat, and the former determined to profit by the occasion. After a hymn was sung Parson Bledso stepped to the front and said:

"Brederin and cistern: Dis heah church is gwine ter be a scene of de outpourin' of de hebbenly grace, and I'll start de boom wid Jim Webster, as a sorter nest egg fooh de res' ob you to lay up to. James take your place on de mourner's Bench."

Jim Webster, a dandified-looking young mulatto, said he wasn,t well and begged to be excused.

"All right, Brudder Webster, if you feel like dar was no hope for yer—dat dere was no ba'am in Goliad for a sinner like yer, jess stay whar yer is, and suck the end ob yer little cane. When yer belubbed pasture is called on by de foahman ob de Galveston grand jury to say if he knows who shaved de tail ob 'Squire Jones' bay hoss, he is gwine ter pint out de niggah, even ef it was his brudder."

It wasn't two seconds before Jim Webster was in the mourners' bench.

"Annudder brand plucked from the burnin' brimstone; one more lost lam' foun' for de angels to rejoice ober moah den de ninety and nine that ain't been cotched yet. Now is de time. Let us sing 'Old Hundred."

After the singing, Parson Bledso went on to exhort: "Why don't you git aboard de gospel train? Now is the accepted time. Which is best, to make your peace wid hebben, to have dat peace which passes all understandin', or to be sent to de penitentiary for votin' foah times at election? Wud you rudder be a follower of a lam', or hab a white man followin' yer wid a gun while yer was working sixteen hours a day whar dar is weepin' and whalin' wid a big ledder strap?"

"I'se a coming," said a trick-looking darky, who is supposed to have considerable influence in political circles, going and taking his place along side the penitent.

"Praise de Lor'! De gran' jury is gwine to meet and den dat culled lady what forgot to bring de wash is gwing to call on all de mountains to kiver her up. Wud yer rudder be one ob de elect, or hab a hoe in yer paw working on de streets? Come up, sister, and jine the gospel band."

Several responded to the invitation.

"Brudderen, dis is slow work. Let all dem what's been keerless in handlin' poultry, dem what's sinned agin dar nabor's wood-pile, come up, or dar be some telephonin' to de police station.

So long de lamp no oil do lack.
The durndest rascal may come back.

It is needless to say that the revival is an immense success.—*Galveston News.*

Pathos of Divorce.

Gregory against Gregory was the title of a St. Louis divorce case, which was varied by an exciting incident recently. Mrs. Gregory, whose examination was interrupted by the remarks of counsel bearing upon the matter set up in the cross bill, listened with great interest to the colloquy, and kept her eyes steadily fixed upon her husband's counsel. Her bosom heaved when counsel argued upon the allegations of flirtation; at length unable to stifle her emotions, she rose from the witness chair, and, throwing her arms, with a dramatic gesture and tone exclaimed: "You will drive me crazy! Would you rob me of that? you have ruined my character. My God! I cannot bear this. Eugene my husband, save me! save me! These impassioned utterances produced a great sensation in court, which was filled with ladies, witnesses, and spectators. The agonizing appeal to the husband brought him to his wife's side. He bent over her, and did all in his power to soothe and quiet her. An elderly man who had accompanied Mrs. Gregory to court also went forward, but the husband gave him to understand that his wife having summoned him to her side, he would allow no one else to render any service at that time. The ladies in court were much affected by the scene, and and some began to sob. In the end the proceedings were adjourned until morning.

Origin of the God Hymen.

Hymen was a young men of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a young lady of distinction, he disguised himself in a female habit, in order to get access to enjoy the pleasure of her company. As he happened to be one day in this disguise with his mistress and her female companions, celebrating on the seashore the rites of Ceres Eleusina, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise and carried them all off. The pirates, having conveyed them to a distant island, got drunk for joy and fell asleep. Hymen seized his opportunity, armed the virgins when, leaving the ladies on the Island, he went in haste to Athens, where he told his adventure to all the parents, and demanded her he loved in marriage as his ransom. His request was granted; and so fortunate was the marriage that the name of Hymen was ever afterwards invoked on all future nuptials, and in progress of time the Greeks enrolled him among their gods.

SOCIETY has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but if placed together glow with a ruddy and intense heat—a just emblem of the strength, happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated emblers—dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, they neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise! To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led! How often in the busy haunts of men are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how, in the bosom of a recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint!

The late Empress of Russia was one of the richest persons in the world. Though she was generous to her friends, and very liberal to benevolent institutions, her allowance was so great and the presents she received from her husband, her subjects and foreign sovereigns so many, that she accumulated enormous wealth. The diamonds, the objects of art, the wardrobe, etc., which she left, have been arranged in twenty great halls in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

"Wrecked."

Few men can hear of the loss of a gallant ship without a touch of sadness. Life has been compared to the great ocean, and men to the ships which sail thereon. When a bark which has braved the tempest of strange seas comes home with rusted hull and tattered sails men welcome her back just as they do one of their own kind who has journeyed afar and passed through peril to benefit his race. It is when we come upon the wreck of a once noble ship that men try hardest to remember how well she servad her builders. It is when we hear that some gallant bark is missing, leaving no sign nor trace, that men are awed as they speak her name. There is nothing that will touch and soften the heart like the sight of the wrecks which drift here and there on life's ocean—once grand and gifted men now blown hither and thither, now going with currents, now hidden from sight by the mantle of night or the mysterious fog. He who visits an asylum for the insane gazes out upon an ocean which is ever changing its surface and its shores. One moment the waters will be calm and peaceful—the next there will be the roar of a storm and the growl of breakers. Before him will drift wrecks without number—some moving slowly out of the fog—some drifting into it—some skirting the shores on which stands tearful friends to wave farewells—others being carried by unseen currents afar to sea. It is an ocean without a harbor of refuge. Once a wreck upon its bosom and there is no landing. Day and night, for weeks and months and years, and dismasted and dismantled hulks weave in and out of the fog—in and out of the sunlight—whirl slowly about in the eddies—catch on the shoals and go driving further out upon the troubled waters. Storm and rust and time are silently at work, and one by one, as the years creep on, old wrecks sink silently into the sea and are heard of no more forever. When men die we forget that they were like those who still live on. We forget all that was bad in them and remember all that was good. We know that they are dead, and the busy world closes up the gap and marches along. But when men sail out upon life's ocean to become wrecks—to be dead in all but name—to drift in the darkness without chart or beacon—to feel the shores going further and further away from them, there is something so pitiful that eyes fill with tears and hearts grow tender. They have no tombstones, yet men read their epitaphs and forget them. In a battered hulk drifts a skeleton crew—drifting, driving, swirling, plunging, and there is no help. The end is a darker night, a stronger gale and a cry of despair as the waters close over all and roll on as before.

It is very disgusting to see American people honoring Sara Bernhardt. She has relinquished all that is honorable and lovable in a woman, and flaunts her shame in the face of the world. That men who have pure wives and daughters at home can pay homage to impurity and immorality is almost inconceivable. Yet they do so. Truly, those Northern brethren of ours are a great folk. They "vindicate" and hurrah over Beecher, who would be assisted from almost any Southern town on a rail, and now banquet the Bernhardt, a public appearance in whose company would place a man under social taboo almost anywhere on this side of the line.

A sad looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine, and wormwood, and rhubarb, and epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.

Sermons.

Sermons are like guns. Some are large, others are small; some are long, others short; some are new, others old; some are bright, others rusty; some are made to be looked at others to be used; some are loaded, others empty; some are owned, others borrowed. Some are air-guns, some pop-guns, some of every size from the pocket pistol to the Paixhan gun. Some are charged only with powder, and make a great noise and smoke. Some send only small shot, that irritate rather than kill. Some carry heavy metal, that does execution. Some discharge chain shot, mowing down whole platoons. Some are wide-mouthed mortars, throwing only bombshells. Some are dueling pistols, used only in controversy—vile things. Some go off half-bent. Some flash in the pan. Some make a terrible fiz, the charge all escaping at the priming hole. Some shoot too high, some too low, some sideways, a few directly at the point. Some are aimed at nothing and hit it. Some scatter prodigiously; some kick their owner over. Some are unerring, others always hit the wrong object. Some have too much wadding, and *vice versa*. Some are alarm guns; others are complimentary guns, used only for salutes on special occasions. Some are in a series, constituting a battery; others are swivels made to turn in any direction. Some are useful, some useless, some dangerous; some amuse, some frighten, some exasperate, some explode, some gain the victory. Very much depends upon the manner in which they are made and managed.

Babies.

We love babies, and everybody who does love them. No man has music in his soul who does not love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies when they grow up. A man isn't worth anything who hasn't a baby, and the same rule applies to a woman. A baby is a spring day in winter; a ray of sunshine in frigid winter; and if it is healthy and good-natured, and your very own, it is a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are. We love them because they are babies, and because their mothers are loveable and lovely women. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We always look for babies, we do with paternal affection and anxiety; we do, indeed. We pity wives who have no babies. Women always look down-hearted who have no babies, men and who have no babies always gamble, and drink whisky and stay out at night trying to get music in their souls; but they can't come it. Babies are babies, and nothing can take their place. Pianos play out, and good living plays out, unless there is a baby in the house. We say there's nothing like a baby.

A gale blew down a circus tent at Argenta, Ark., and two lions escaped from their broken cage. The beasts bounded through the frightened assembly and disappeared into the darkness. The rare opportunity of a lion hunt was not embraced by the inhabitants, who all got behind securely fastened doors as quickly as possible. The circus employes, however, provided themselves with torches, pursued the fugitives, frightened them with flaring lights, and drove them into a cage.

Captain James F. Steele, who commanded a South Carolina company during the war, has sent to Miss Lucy Sims, a teacher in one of the public schools of Brooklyn, a sword lost by Captain Sims, her father, at the battle of Petersburg mine. Captain Sims was killed at Petersburg, and his motherless child was adopted as the "Daughter of the Regiment" by the Thirteenth New York Volunteers. The regiment educated her at Vassar College.